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BUILD ROADS IN WEBER COUNTY.

There are miles of roads in Weber county which are almost impassable, where automobiles cannot be operated and the farmers are marooned. This serious condition has a direct bearing on business in Ogden as the country people are unable to reach the city and, therefore, are denied the privilege of dealing with our stores.

Weber county is the second richest county in the state and should be strong enough financially to build roads that can be traveled at this time of year.

Thousands of dollars in taxes annually are contributed by Ogden to the treasury of Weber county and the city should get back at least highways which will allow the country people to drive into Ogden during the winter and spring months.

The main highways through Weber county have been built in part by federal and state aid, and this assistance should have left the county finances in condition to construct a network of good roads throughout the county.

In Cache valley the county commissioners, having exhausted their funds, appealed to the people for the power to bond and were authorized to issue \$600,000 in bonds with which to macadamize and improve the roads in every district of Cache valley, and that work is now underway, and as a result the small settlements and even the larger towns are being greatly benefited.

Weber county should take a lesson from Cache county and help pull the farmers out of the rut and deep bogs called roads.

GETTING BACK TO WORK.

No news received in the past twelve months has conveyed more real cheer to the workers of Utah than the statement sent out from New York on Friday that resumption of operations has been ordered at the Utah Copper property in Bingham canyon, where, prior to the shut down, several thousand men were employed.

This reopening order extends to all the porphyry copper mines, and includes the properties of Butte operated by the Anaconda Copper company.

The big thing back of this resumption of work is returning confidence. When men were being thrown out of work, the process of disorganization was rapid and confidence was destroyed. Now the reverse effect is being experienced. Men are being restored to the dignity of wage earners; they are becoming greater consumers, having greater purchasing power. Soon the factories will feel the impulse of the buying wave which originates in the humble homes, and then the industrialists throughout the land will begin to expand. More men will be employed and soon the country will forget there was a period of adversity, attended by a spell of the blues.

These spring days promise to have much sunshine such as warms the spirit and the physical and makes life much more endurable than when storms are everywhere.

FRENCH REPLY TO UNITED STATES.

France has recognized the right of the United States to be paid the costs of the American military occupation of the Rhineland, but propounds the question:

To whom should the request be made—to Germany or the allies?

All France fears to offend the American administration and, though the French people may think that, inasmuch as this country withdrew from the League of Nations and declined to proceed with the negotiations necessary to exacting reparations from Germany, the United States should make its own collections, the French government is too diplomatic to bluntnly make answer in that manner and so inquires as to the method to be pursued.

If the French did not feel obligated and if they were not extremely desirous of placating the United States, they would tell us to do our own collecting owing to our failure to join with them in exacting reparations.

DISARMAMENT IS RATIFIED.

No country will draw a deeper sigh of relief than Great Britain with the ratifying of the treaty of disarmament. Ever since Churchill, long prior to the world war, proposed to Germany that Great Britain and Germany stop naval

construction, the statesmen of Great Britain have been laboring to check the rivalry, because the expenditures were more than a depleted exchequer could supply.

Those devoted to peace the world over will rejoice that President Harding has brought about a sane attitude in naval construction and that the ruinous competition in preparation for war has been brought to an end.

Sixty-six warships are to be scrapped and for ten years the United States, Great Britain, Japan and France are to have a naval holiday.

If the United States, instead of throwing its money away on warships, turns to the reclamation of arid and swamp lands, what great things may be accomplished. A modern battleship was costing from \$20,000,000 to \$40,000,000. The equivalent of one of those monsters of the deep would make homes for 40,000 people and add to the productivity of the soil. The strange thing is that civilized nations have persisted so long in building weapons of destruction, turning their energies to the purposes of war rather than in the direction of uplift.

On Wednesday, when the disarmament treaties were presented to the United States senate, they were ratified by almost unanimous vote, only one senator being registered in opposition. Even the irreconcilables were recorded in the affirmative. This proves that this country is almost as one in favor of disarmament.

There will be a great army of mechanics and skilled workers dismissed from the navy yards and the big plants where the warships have been under construction. But they must pay the price of making the world better. Certain eastern communities will suffer, as will San Francisco where the Union Iron Works are, but the west generally will suffer no ill effects and may benefit directly owing to a disposition on the part of senators and representatives to turn the outlay which has been made for battleships to the task of reclaiming old western lands.

EXIT: THE "BLUES."

Have you noticed that in vaudeville and burlesque they aren't wailing those "blues" songs as much as a few months ago?

And when you and the wife go out for the evening, if some pest starts up the phonograph the "blues" records aren't as much in evidence? If brought out, apt to be dusty?

The "blues" are passing out because a psychological wave of optimism is pulsating through the country.

When the nation was down at the mouth and keeping itself plugging along only by a grim sense of humor, the national anthem had verses like these:

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
If whiskey don't get you, the raisin-
jack must.
I'm going to put my head on a rail-
road line,
Let a B. & O. train pacify my min'.
O I've got the weary blues.
An' I'm feelin' sad.

A market letter comments that lately no future is created in the stock market by any news story indicating that there'll be a soldier bonus.

When the market was down low, mere mention of a bonus bill, with its financial problems, gave the market acute indigestion.

The difference is all in the mental state of the American people. As the market letter puts it, "Optimism is the great force underneath the market and it is the most powerful force known in business."

Business went to pot when every one lost courage, began looking solemn and speaking in funeral tones. Whether pessimism produced hard times, or hard times generated pessimism, doesn't make much difference.

The important point is that optimism and prosperity travel together, and that the country is getting optimistic.

Fundamentally, we haven't been critically ill—at least, not compared with the hard times of 1873. It was largely a case of financial stomach trouble. Dr. Fate put us to bed, to stay until we learned that bread, beans and round steak are more digestible over a long period than chocolate cake, lobster and candy.

Just like a patient with a sound body—can't keep him in bed after he gets restless.

Hard times come when we get pessimistic and underestimate our strength. That's a continuous human failing. It takes eight men to hold down a physical weakling when he goes crazy, yet his muscles haven't changed, nor his reserve energy.

The strength has been there all along, only he didn't know it.

National optimism will bring out the strength we have but are ignorant of. Start tomorrow whistling.

DEFECTIVE.

Three-fourths of the school children in New York state are physically defective, says Dr. Thomas D. Wood of Columbia university.

His estimate would seem accurate, even without the survey on which it is based. Physical perfection is as hard to find as a mathematically artistic face. Human body is a machine as imperfect as it is marvelously intricate.

Dr. Wood found only 13 per cent of farm children with physical defects. A youth in the country is worth as much as, possibly more than, a good education.

LUNGS.

The lungs of a heavy smoker, dissected after death, frequently are gray-black from tobacco smoke.

Spring air is invigorating these days. Breathe deeply. Fresh air is to the lungs what carrying out ashes and clinkers is to the furnace. Especially so for smokers.

Take a deep breath—now. You will notice you call into play the lower part of your lungs, generally idle.

Deep breathing by day and fresh air when you sleep will move you years away on the undertaker's list.

LONG SERMONS CONDEMNED.

Long sermons bore them and so the vestrymen of the Episcopal congregations of St. Louis voted to discourage the minister who talks more than 22 minutes.

Why should this task be left to the layman? Public speakers should realize that long talks are tiring and are not effective. Any preacher who discourses over half an hour must have a message of great importance and remarkable ability in presentation.

The clergymen of St. Louis have agreed to curtail their sermons on the understanding that the vestrymen regularly are to attend and listen to them. This should be a fair test, although it is possible that a number of them profitably could cut their talks from 22 minutes to 11 minutes and leave no real, big point untouched.

Endless elaboration is one of the outstanding faults of the speaker who consumes more than half an hour.

WIZARDRY.

A flying airplane talks to a racing auto, by radiophone. This is at Framingham, Mass.

The connection was so good that the motorist even heard the air pilot's teeth chatter.

This tells you something of the accuracy of the wireless wave. It is man's greatest conqueror of space and location, messages flying true to their mark despite constant and rapid shifting of position by sender and receiver.

A power like that has tremendous possibilities for practical things.

PAYING.

If we want to continue exporting to Great Britain, which normally takes a fourth of our exports, we must accept goods instead of money in payment. So says Sir Auckland Geddes, British ambassador to Washington.

Imports have their objections. But, having cornered the majority of the world's gold, we must barter goods for goods. Either that, or retire from foreign trade, or trust customers forever.



Tom Sims Says

A Chicago traffic cop was fired for flirting. The girls just couldn't resist an officer.

It's about time to report the annual shortage of Easter lilies.

Several senators want to see the four-power treaty missing on one.

April showers will bring June brides presents.

From the disputes over Wrangel Island it seems that, like Yap Island, it lives up to its name.

The world is a stage. Lots of husbands only have thinking parts.

It is easy to rise in your own estimation.

One college advises its girls to get jobs as cooks. A shortage of can goods is predicted.

The main trouble with a reformer is he often becomes a deformer.

The king of Siam has 10,000 wives. But he hates to go shopping.

About this time of the year politicians begin to love the American flag.

The time your welcome lasts depends on the way you use it.

Volstead, we read, will have a hard time getting re-elected. He ought to poll the bootlegger vote.

When a woman looks her best she finds what she is after.

Sharp words don't cut much ice.

Father's singing usually sounds worse than baby's crying.

A square deal is a good deal.

Never put off until tomorrow what the styles say put off today.

Congressmen gave away seeds and the people raised Cain with them.

Los Angeles ghost that breaks dishes is probably the shade of a former movie comedian.

A wise man never laughs at his wife's old clothes or jiggles T. N. T.

New York policeman makes his first arrest in 45 years. Things are getting better right along.

Every week is "Paint Up" week for the flapper.

Street car fare in Moscow is 1000 rubles. If Moscow can have cheap fare, why can't we?

Mary Garden cried when two governors kissed her. Looking at their pictures, we don't blame Mary.

Some people could say what they think and still be quiet.

April would have five paydays if Easter didn't come and just leave it four.

An undertaker has been arrested for bootlegging. Fine combination.

Voliva says, "There's no peace on earth; nothing but hell." His neighbor must have a phonograph.

ABOUT THIS, THAT AND TOTHER

By D. J. G.

FOR simplicity and clarity of style

and for their wealth of human interest and healthy viewpoint, I call your attention to the articles which appear in "The Utah Eagle," the magazine issued by the Utah school for the deaf and blind at Ogden. The magazine is made up almost entirely of short bits, written by the deaf and blind boys and girls of that institution.

For example, here's a bit of description by Thomas Alsop, entitled "The Cows":

"There are many cows in the barn. They are white and black spotted. They are Holstein cows. They are very fine.

"Every morning and afternoon a man goes to the barn. He opens the barn door. He says, 'Soo' cow,' and the cows hear him. They come into the barn. He milks them. He pours the milk into large cans. He carries the cans of milk to the kitchen. We drink the milk for breakfast every morning. The cows give about forty gallons of milk every day. They have won many prizes at the stock shows."

Here's another interesting sketch from George Carter in the print shop department:

"When Mr. Cook gave me a line-type lesson, I started to draw the keyboard and then I studied the keyboard that looks like a typewriter keyboard. Another day Mr. Cook tested me to see if I remembered the keyboard. I drew a picture of it on cardboard without looking at the line-type, which I had studied. When I finished it Mr. Cook looked at it and I hadn't made any mistakes."

From the auto shop comes this picture by Edwin Jackson which will recall that popular song of years ago, "My Merry Oldsmobile":

"The first auto was a queer looking car. The wheels were like bicycle wheels. There were no fenders over them. The tires were small. It did not have a steering wheel, but had a long lever instead.

"The first auto had only one seat. It was very small. It could not travel as fast as the cars do now."

Another form of activity at the school is described by Guy Despain, who tells what he does in the carpenter shop as follows:

"I work in the carpentry shop. I began to make a library table with Walter Kirk. Now, I don't work with Walter Kirk any more, because Mr. Parkes told me that I could make some picture frames for a blind man. I went to the lumber-room and took some oak boards. Mr. Parkes gave me a paper that showed me what size I was to make the frames. I looked at this and took the steel square and measured the narrow boards. I went to the machine with them. First I cut them, second, planed the edges of them, and third I planed the back of them. When I have finished measuring and cutting them, and joining them, I will varnish them, and give them to Mr. Parkes. He will give them to the blind man. Maybe I will work on the library table after I finish the frames."

HERE is a touching little bit. If it isn't poetry in prose, I don't know what is. This is by Erma Emerson:

"Last night I prayed. I opened the window and got into bed. The moon kissed my face. It was pretty. In a little while I went to sleep and had pleasant dreams."

I was much interested in a composition by a blind girl, Gladys McCellan, whose topic is "My Ambition." She writes:

"My great ambition is to become a stenographer or a dictaphone operator. I believe that I like typewriting more than anything that I do. My happiest moments are those spent at a typewriter. I am never happier than when writing and following someone's dictation. The sound of the keys as they click is like music to me."

"I hope that in the near future I will be able to obtain a position as a typist or public stenographer. I do not want to be a 'slipshod' operator. To make real success one must work diligently and carefully. Carelessness must be avoided. When accuracy is mastered, speed must be considered. My philosophy is, 'Accuracy first, and speed afterward.'"

Another blind student, Esther Elme, describes her passionate interest in music as follows:

"I think that music is an interesting study. I like it better than any other subject that I am taking and I would not like school nearly as well as I do if I could not have it. When I get up in the morning I practice hour when I may puzzle out some more Braille music. I take two lessons each week from Miss Coleman, who is an extremely patient teacher."

"I hope that some day I shall be able to give music lessons. I delight to help young pupils to read their music and watch their improvement each week. I am giving a lesson to each of two little boys and it is a very pleasant hour that I spend with them. I hope that I may be able to teach them when I leave school. I am living in a good community for such a pursuit and I believe that I can obtain pupils enough to make a success."

COULD you believe there was one American born adult in Ogden who had not heard of John Greenleaf Whittier? I didn't until last Sunday night at the Alhambra. There was flashed on the screen an announcement that one reel of Whittier highlights would be shown. A young man behind me said to his girl, "Who is John Greenleaf Whittier?" Apparently his girl didn't know because she didn't answer.

Anybody who saw that little one-reel feature about Whittier would learn more about the poet in five minutes than he would in half a dozen text books. Educational films comprise a painless method of cramming knowledge into the skulls of little boys and girls and grownups too.

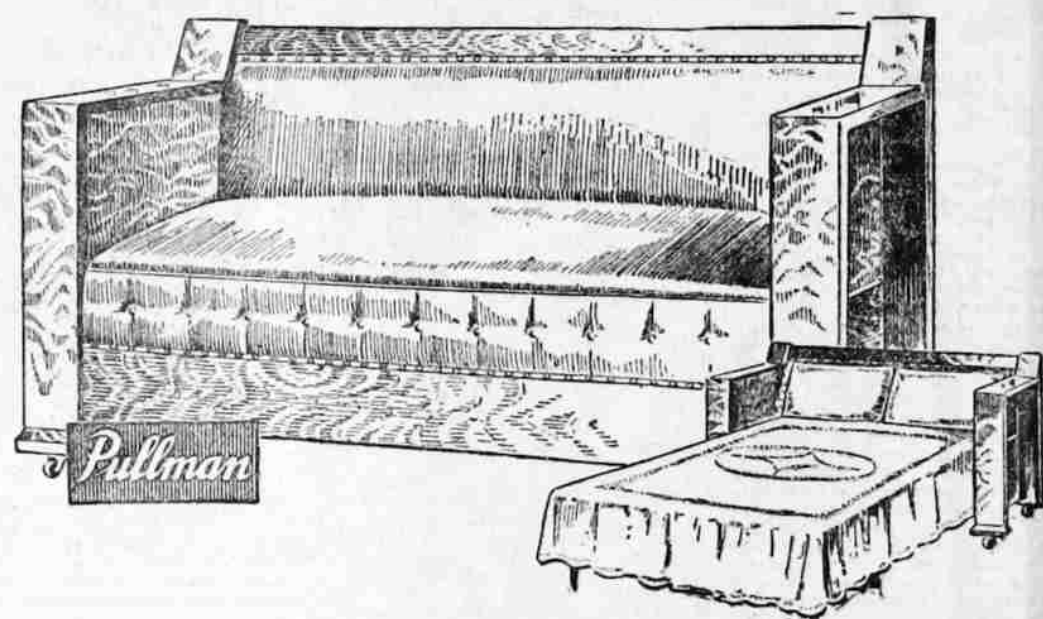
IS it honorable to inform upon a bootlegger or moonshiner?

That is a question that is being debated in several sections of the country. Everybody seems to agree that if one sees a person murdering another it is the right thing to call the police or interfere or both. There does not seem to be such unanimity of opinion as to whether one should convey to the authorities information one may have as to violation of the Eighteenth amendment of our constitution.

SUGGESTIONS from Washington that deportation proceedings be pressed against these alien residents who persist in violating the liquor and traffic laws should be acted upon. Ogden's population might be reduced, however, should the suggestions be carried out here. Still it is very likely that after two or three had been shipped back home, there would



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OGDEN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.

THE STORE OF SATISFACTION



THE STAYER

By BERTON BRALEY

I know I've got a purple eye,
I know I'm bruised and cut,
I know my nose is all awry,
I know I'm wabbling—but
Although I'm pounded half to death
And crawling on the ground,
Just give me time to get my breath
I'll try another round.

I'd like to lay me down and quit,
I'm shaky in the knees,
My arms are numb and cannot hit,
I gasp and choke and wheeze,
But still I say, as did Macbeth,
"Lay off, Macduff"—and when
I've sort of got my second breath
I'll try my luck again!

I know I'm weary, listless, slow
And bleary-eyed and lame,
But here's a thought—for all I know
The other guy's the same;
So though he seems to have me skinned
I'm not entirely downed.
If I can get my second wind
I'll try another round!
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SOME DISHWASHERS ARE WELL EDUCATED

SAN FRANCISCO, April 1.—All hotel and restaurant dishwashers are not "down and out," according to George P. M. Bowns, San Francisco dishwasher, a leader in the union movement and one of the best orators in labor ranks in this city.

"The average dishwasher is well educated," Bowns said recently. "A large number of them are college or university graduates. You will find in our ranks men who have graduated in law, medicine and other professions. I am a dishwasher by choice."

Bowns says he is a graduate of Union college, Schenectady, N. Y., and asserts he attended the National Catholic university in Washington, D. C., for some time. He was raised in Troy, N. Y.

At present Bowns is vice president of Cooks' Helpers' union, local No. 116, president of the local joint executive board of the culinary crafts, financial secretary-treasurer of the San Francisco Label section and member of the law and legislative committee of the San Francisco labor council.

During the last fifteen months, Bowns has helped increase the membership of his union from 355 to 527, placing men in positions where they receive a minimum wage of \$21 per week.

JAPAN DISCOVERS YOUTHFUL COUPLE

TOKIO, April 1.—In the taking of the last police census of Tokio, police have discovered one married couple whose combined ages reached sixteen, says the Japan Times.

It is a happy Chinese groom of 15 who has taken upon himself a wife of the same age.

These youthful honeymooners are not alone among the married children of the city, the census takers have located 44 grooms whose ages range from 10 to 15, and 145 brides who have not yet celebrated their 15th birthday, Japanese style.

Most of the wives in Tokio are young, statisticians having worked out the average age of the married women of the city, finding it to be below 30 years. The groom's average is around 35 years.

The local population located by the police within the limits of the proper, which is only about half the actual city, is 2,173,200, with 1,163,170 males outnumbering the females 163,170.

PRIEST DIES FOR TOWN

ROME.—When shortcircuited voltage wires threatened destruction of the village of Pozzoli, the parish priest rushed at them and was instantly killed.